

The Musical World.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.

Terms of Subscription, per Annum, 16s.; Half-year, 8s.; Three Months, 4s.; (Stamped Copies 1s. per Quarter extra. Payable in advance, to be forwarded by Money Order, to the Publishers, Myers & Co., 22, Tavistock-st., Covent Garden.

No. 5.—VOL. XXXI.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, 1853.

Price Fourpence.
Stamped Fivepence.

MENDELSSOHN'S UNPUBLISHED WORKS.

As I wish to do justice to this subject, most interesting to musicians, and not to establish any private opinion of my own, I resume my remarks, for the purpose of laying before the public another view of the matter, expressed in a letter to me, of Mr. C. Horsley, who will surely allow that for the sake of consistency I make such reply to his objections as will justify, or, at least, explain my own position. At the same time I beg to state that I think any prolonged personal discussion would be unworthy a subject of such universal interest, and therefore if I fail to make myself understood in the present paper, I must have the misfortune to remain misunderstood, for I shall not again allude to it.

12, Blomfield Terrace, Westbourne Terrace,
Jan. 14th, 1853.

MY DEAR MACFARREN.

The object of my writing to you is, in the present instance, to assure you also on "unquestionable authority," that I cannot help thinking that you have been misinformed as to these works, and more especially you have been most unjust in your strictures on the conduct of the gentlemen to whose unenviable lot it has fallen to give Mendelssohn's posthumous works to the world. It is perfectly true that these forty volumes exist, for when at Leipzig I often saw them, but the majority contain the MSS. of the published works. The rest contain all his contrapuntal studies, and the almost infinite number of pianoforte pieces, &c., &c., which he wrote from the time he could hold a pen, for the use of himself and his sister, Madame Henselt. Among these are two operettas, which certainly might be published, but I think they would be interesting only so far as to show the state of his power at that time, as they are very inferior to that we already possess. But do you, or can you think that the world or any one would be benefitted by all these being given to the world, or do you think that to look on the case in a commercial view, the publication would ever pay? And considering that during his lifetime (I speak from personal knowledge) Mendelssohn has often said, "These are my early works and studies, but I never should wish them to be published." Do you think that it is fair that his wish should be neglected? I can even go farther than this. A short time before his death a friend of mine called upon him, and asked what he was doing. He replied, "I am setting my house in order," and pointing to these very forty volumes, said, "I have much to arrange and

destroy." He had no time for this, for very shortly after he was seized with his last illness, or, at any rate, the attack which led to it. Knowing, then, that it was his express wish that only those works which, during his lifetime, had received his final approbation, and though MSS. had often been performed, I cannot think that the gentlemen appointed to decide what shall be printed, have done more than their duty in not giving more to the world. The great error, however, into which your authority has fallen, is with regard to the "Reformation Symphony." This was written before Mendelssohn went to Rome in 1827, and very shortly after the Midsummer Night's Dream Overture. It never was a favourite with him, and on playing it over to our mutual friend, Klingeman, they both agreed that it was not equal to the then published works, and it was Mendelssohn's strongest wish that it *should never be heard or published*. This is, to me, quite sufficient ground for my not wishing for it, and the somewhat apocryphal story about Meyerbeer and the *Huguenots* may well be dispensed with.

"My authority for all this is my own personal knowledge (for eighteen years, I, as you well know, had the privilege of Mendelssohn's friendship), and what is much better, Klingeman's advice, for he of all others should know at as the time he was in Berlin, Mendelssohn was only six or seven years old, and he remained therefore his most intimate friend for at least thirty years. Such being the case, and knowing that with very few exceptions, all had been published that Mendelssohn, at the time of his death, would himself have given to the world; knowing that he would be the very last person to wish that his early works (or those which he himself did not consider equal to what he could do) should be printed, I most sincerely hope that those in authority will pursue the course they are taking, and as, with one exception, (Rietz) they are my intimate friends, I shall lose no opportunity of urging them to do so. There are still some very interesting pianoforte pieces, Caprices, Lieder ohne worte, &c., &c., which will be published, also some songs, and vocal quartetts, but all the great works we have (alas for our art!) had, and no more must, or ought to be expected. Pray do not misunderstand me. I will yield to no one in my reverence for Mendelssohn as the greatest musician of *our* time, or in love for the man. I knew him and loved him, and am indebted to him, and to his advice, for almost all the little I know of music, but I cannot agree with you in wishing for that which he would have withheld, for in so doing I feel I should be rather hurting than reverencing his memory.

"Pray excuse this rigmarole, but I feel very strongly about the matter, and could not help writing to you.

"Believe me,

"Very sincerely yours,

"CHARLES EDWARD HORSLEY.

"G. A. Macfarren, Esq."

In the first place, I have not the advantage enjoyed by Mr. Horsley, of the intimate friendship of so many of the gentlemen engaged in the supervision of Mendelssohn's music. I have known one of them intimately; and only known him to value his friendship, and to obtain a closer insight into his talents than could be taken through the cold and remote medium of publication and public performance; and I know that no one can be better than he is fitted for the duties no less of friendship than of artistry, which his participation in the editorship involves. But, be they friends or strangers, I equally repudiate the aspersion of doing injustice—at least, intentionally—to them in my strictures. Upon principle, I cannot admit the propriety of four professors, whose time is their capital, and whose labours belong to the world only under circumstances of adequate remuneration, spending their time, and giving the world the advantage of their labours, in any matter—and, most especially, in one that cannot possibly conduce to their professional fame or personal advantage—wholly without recompense; and I maintain that it is to be desired that these gentlemen would accept competent terms for the time it would cost, and proceed incontinent to the necessary examination and speedy publication, not only of what is unprinted in the bound volumes, but also of the loose manuscripts; and I urge, that if there be any impediment besides their own convenience to this immediate proceeding, such impediment, whatever it may be, should, without further delay, be removed. I have heard that such difficulty exists, in the fact of the committee being at Leipzig and the manuscripts at Berlin; but, if this be true, such difficulty can be obviated by a railway; and, if the four gentlemen have not time to go to the manuscripts, those might surely be brought to them by the same means that transported the same from the custody of Mr. Schleinitz to the Prussian capital. The committee are responsible to the world for the trust they have undertaken; and, as it is a part of this trust to overcome difficulties, there is no apology, in the existence of any, for its unfulfilment.

Next, as regards the contents of the bound volumes. I have not, like Mr. Horsley, seen the books; but I have met with a list of their contents, copied from the labelling at the back of each, in Mendelssohn's handwriting, and this certainly is to very different purpose from Mr. Horsley's account of "contrapuntal studies," inasmuch as they are all described as compositions, the earliest no less than the latest; "Symphonies for quintet;" "Sonatas," and different descriptions of instrumental and vocal pieces; and, though I doubt not that much, if not all, of the contents of the first volumes may have been

written under a master, I think this no greater reason for their suppression, than it would be for the destruction of the three pianoforte Quartets, or the Sonata for pianoforte and violin, which are also productions of the composer's student-time, and which are interspersed among other works, more or less of the same importance, in the first volumes of the collection. It may be that these works, eight or nine Symphonies, two (I believe three) Operettas, and the rest, "would be interesting only so far as to show the state of his mind at the time;" but this I hold to be a very great and a most important interest—important as regards the art, and important as regards the individual; since the value of biography is, surely, to teach us the progressive development of a great man's mind, (the circumstances of his life may be more or less amusing—and their advantage to the world stops at a very little above this); and the biography of Mendelssohn would be lamentably deficient, with the entire absence of all that concerns the period in which the seeds of his subsequent supremacy were sown. We know of Beethoven all the works up to the period of the Eroica Symphony, with which, it is said in after life he was greatly dissatisfied which, whatever their power, present but little indication of the peculiarity—the individuality of their composer's genius; and those, besides their own merit, have the great interest of showing from what materials the style of Beethoven was germinated. It appears that the speciality of Mendelssohn established itself at a much earlier age than that of his immediate predecessor; and it is probable that his earliest compositions have less merit than the first works we know of Beethoven, but why should not the world have the same opportunity of tracing his ultimate very precocious originality to its source? Mr. Horsley cannot, however, pretend that the Air from St. Paul, the Duet from Elijah, the unpublished complete Air and Chorus from Loreley, and the unfinished sketches for this work and for Christus, the Standhaften Brüder, the Trumpet Overture, the great amount of Sacred Cantatas, and other church music—not to mention the Reformation Symphony—belong to this category of "contrapuntal studies," since they belong respectively to every period of Mendelssohn's career after he had quitted his master, and there can be, therefore, no pretence on this score for their suppression.

We now come to the consideration, whether Mendelssohn himself would have published the works in question. I have endeavoured to show, in my former remarks, that upon the evidence of his habit of correction or modification of his music, even after its public performance, up to the moment of its being printed, and—in the case of the C minor Symphony, at least—after its being printed, we have the right to suppose that he would not have printed one single piece of all that has been published since his death, without some correction or modification; and I maintain, therefore, that there is, on this score, no greater reason for withholding any of what is yet in manuscript, than there would have been for suppressing the entire of the posthumous publications. Further, I maintain that Mendelssohn could be in no respect responsible to the world for these productions, and that his reputation could only

be qualified by them, in regard to what of excellence they may contain; whatever of immaturity or of faultiness they may present, we know belongs to the works, and not to the composer. Again, the threatened destruction was always in his power; and it is in no way compatible with the allegation of his positive objection to the words themselves, that Mendelssohn should have preserved them—and preserved them with care, and, from time to time, selected from them, whenever he had to make up a series of songs or other pieces for publication. The security of the flames was always at his command, to prevent the world from knowing anything he thought proper to suppress; and I have reason to believe that he by no means preserved everything that he wrote. What he did preserve, it is therefore evident, interested him; and what interested him, must and would interest all his admirers, and these grow in number every day.

With regard to the Reformation Symphony, I can only reply, that my informants pretend to repeat Mendelssohn's own account of the matter; and whether these or Mr. Horsley's informants be better authority, it is not for me to determine. That the work was written immediately after the Midsummer Night's Dream Overture—the composition that contains more new things (and all beautiful) than any other one piece of music that exists, which exhibits the style of Mendelssohn fully confirmed, and which thus proves its composer's powers to have been in a high state of development, and in a vigorous and natural state of exercise,—is, I think, a very strong presumptive evidence in favor of its excellence. The story, apocryphal or otherwise, of Meyerbeer and the Huguenots, is, I think, highly characteristic of Mendelssohn; and I am content to receive it until a better be presented, as an explanation of the postponed production by the composer of the Reformation Symphony.

Lastly, Mr. Horsley refers to me the consideration of whether the publication of the works in question would "pay?" to which I have only to reply, that I am not a musicseller, and I know nothing of the matter. This is entirely and only for the determination of those spirited parties who are willing and anxious to undertake the speculation; and I think any interference—at least, of mine—with their view of the subject, would be intrusive and impertinent.

I am happy to take this opportunity of correcting an error of some importance as to the fact, but of none as to the result, in a statement made in my former remarks upon this interesting question, and of apologising to whomever it may concern, for the mistake into which I was inadvertently led. The several posthumous works to which reference was there made, as having been "consigned to certain publishers" by Mendelssohn himself, were, I find, but verbally promised by him; thus, the publishers in question have not a "legal claim" upon these compositions, but a natural and just expectation of them.

I have now to take leave of a subject, in treating which, I have, however inadequately, expressed not my own opinion alone, but the sincere wish of a very large number of the musicians of this country, the addition of whose names might give importance to, but could not qualify the sincerity of what I have advanced. If I have alleged unjust reasons for the delay—if not the suppression—of the, I think, most desirable publication, it is because I must have spoken upon false reports, which it will be easy for the parties concerned to disprove. In any case, I flatter myself I shall have done some not unimportant service, if, in calling the attention of such parties to the great interest that the matter here excites, I should stimulate them to lay the truth before the world, and in this confidence I leave the subject to its own merits.

G. A. MACFARREN.

Foreign.

NEW YORK.—ALBONI IN ITALIAN OPERA.—Alboni has appeared in Opera before a New York audience. It may be said, with strict truth, that on the stage she has more than realized the expectations she raised in the concert-room. No wonder, for her singing is very dramatic, and her chief practice has been on the stage; and, like Jenny Lind, she always sings best amid the illusion of the scene. If Alboni had quitted us without appearing in opera, we should have had an inadequate idea of the extent and aptitude of her vocal powers. Alboni is somewhat deficient in the personal advantages which have distinguished several of the great singers who have flourished in our own time. In this she bears a resemblance to Catalani. What could be more classical than the well cut features of Pesta, whose *Medea* emphatically stamped her as the Siddons of Song! The clear olive complexion, the dark hair in Madonna bands (then quite a novelty), the flashing eyes, the well-formed mouth, the rounded chin of Pesta, was plainly before us as when we saw her in our youth. What a resemblance she bore to the likeness of Napoleon! Of a different cast of countenance was poor Malibran—eager, excited, looking like one inspired, and attenuated by the strife between mind and body. There, too, was Sontag, who, we really do believe, looks as juvenile now as when, more than twenty years ago, she bade that *au revoir* to the stage which she fancied was an *adieu*! Nor must we forget Judith Grisi, who looks like a Muse, with her intellectual beauty, untouched by Time. Falcon, Persiani, Adelaide Kemble, and Viardot, on the other hand, were not favoured by nature; and, without doubt, Alboni is infinitely more handsome than Jenny Lind, and she would appear positively beautiful by the side of Persiani. Alboni's features have one great beauty—that of Expression, which beams out, like light, when she yields to the full tide of impulse, and throws her soul into the scene and the song. At such times, to quote from the old Scottish ballad—

"She's better far than bonny."

Few vocalists have had better instruction than Alboni. At the age of fifteen (which was some thirteen years ago, for she is not older than eight and twenty), Alboni went under the instruction of Rossini, of the Conservatoire of Bologna. He immediately found that her voice combined depth and sweetness, and to this hour, these are its characteristics. An organ-like swell, and a bird-like sweetness constitute its charm. She made her first appearance in opera before she was sixteen, and, in the following year, took part in "Lucrezia Borgia," at the Scala, Milan. Her performance stamped her as a vocalist of the first class. From that moment her career has been a series of successes.

When she first appeared in London, she had to contend with the excitement which drew "all the world" after Jenny Lind. Had Alboni been in Lumley's hands, when Jenny Lind was, the *furor* in favour of the Italian would have been as great as that raised by the Swede. At the same time, but without any preliminary praise—without any flourish of trumpets—Alboni appeared at the Italian Opera, at Covent Garden. She made her way, calmly and surely, into public favour. In the opera of *Semiramide*, her success was immense. Since then Alboni has had no superior. *La Cenerentola* was the opera in which, on Monday night, Alboni made her appearance. The piece was well put upon the stage—the chorus was good—and the orchestra all the better for not being too full. *Cenerentola* is a part in which the vocalist has the opportunity of gradually making way with the audience. It was thus with Alboni. She sang with great ease, and appeared determined to succeed without any startling effects.

She rose with the occasion, and the singing which would have been too florid for the plainly dressed girl by the fire, in the first scene, was admirable when delivered by the richly attired lady in the last act. All through, until the final display, she steadily and judiciously resisted all temptation to surprise her hearers. At last the time came, and "Non piu mesta" from her lips showed her full powers. No other contralto is at once so clear and deep. From her lips song seems to sparkle as from a fountain, and you never think of the difficulties which she has to conquer, so facile is her execution—just as when a clever *danseuse* shows us "the poetry of motion," we do not bestow a thought on the painful practice which has given her that facility. The most noticeable thing in Alboni's singing and acting is—the absence of all *apparent* effect, and the evident delight with which she takes in what she does. The attention with which she is listened to, the readiness with which all her points are seized, and above all, the enthusiasm which greeted her at the close of the opera—eventuating in a double recall and an encore of the concluding part of the piece—combined to assure us that this city is quite capable of appreciating the highest talents and genius.—*Sunday Times*.

Since Monday last, in every circle of this goodly city, the great, the principle topic of conversation, was Alboni and the Italian Opera. Never on any previous occasion was such an opera excitement in this city; never on any occasion (not excepting the late Presidential election), was the voice of the people so unanimous in favour of one candidate for the glorious and honoured title of "Lyric Queen," as it has been during the past week for the peerless Alboni.

It is, indeed, a most difficult task for us to write anything new upon the subject of her many excellencies. The daily press of this city, for once, has perfectly agreed upon a point, and that point is Alboni's superiority upon the lyric stage, beyond even comparison. The same daily press has had nearly an entire week the start of us, in extolling her and her success; and but little is left for us to say, which has not been said before. Alboni's appearance, on the rise of the curtain, was greeted with enthusiasm, and she proceeded through the opera from triumph to triumph, until the "Non piu mesta" at the close seemed to produce an enthusiasm among the audience, more like frenzy than any applause we ever witnessed. Although she came twice forward (once alone and once together with the principal artists) to receive the greetings and floral offerings of her thousands of admirers, nothing but the repetition of the last allegro would satisfy her audience, and she gave it again. Alboni possesses not only the rare qualities of a perfectly fresh and juvenile voice, the most perfect vocal style and school, but these great attributes are supported by the most charming, quiet, and artistic style of acting, of perfect identification with the character she represents. *Cinderella*, with the part of the Slipper omitted, is a brief description of the plot of this beautiful opera. The other features of the story—the two cruel sisters, the stupid father, the patient, unresentful, good daughter, the Prince, the ball, Cinderella's return to the kitchen, her subsequent triumph and magnanimous forgiveness of her former persecutors—all these the Italian version preserves. *Cenerentola* contains some of the most pleasing music Rossini ever wrote, and well chosen by Alboni for her debut, both because her own part in it is particularly her own, and because it contains parts which happen to be particularly well suited to display the best talents of her company. The orchestra, led by Arditi, was numerous and good; the chorus, as usual, deficient in those qualities which drill, and drill alone, can supply. But what of Alboni, the superb, the placid, the incomparable Alboni? If all of our readers had heard her in this opera, we should not hesitate to

launch forth into a strain of panegyric as fervid as the feelings which her singing excited in our minds. They would forgive, if they did not share our enthusiasm. But, bearing in mind that many thousands of our readers live hundreds of miles from the door of the Broadway theatre, we restrain our fervour within the bounds which they will esteem rational. The rising of the curtain reveals a room in Magnifico's house, in which are the two sisters flirting with their looking-glass. Cinderella, in russet mantle clad, sits demurely by the fire, bellows in hand. In a few minutes she begins to warble, with that deep rich, bubbling voice, without effort or "demonstration." The play progresses, and she glides into the well-known duet in the first act, and renders the opening passage almost sublime—so subdued is it, yet so grand, so surcharged with feeling, yet so impassive. As she concluded, with one arm raised, pouring out a flood of profound and tender harmony, the effect was inconceivably fine. It is best to hear such music to words in an unknown tongue, lest the poverty of the sentiment should ill accord with its majestic expression. Alboni's last song was a triumph, of which the musical department of our memory scarcely bears the record of a parallel. We have heard her sing it several times at Metropolitan Hall; but a concert is a sorry, fragmentary thing. To hear this finale in its place, as the crowning glory of a completed work, is as different from hearing it in a miscellaneous concert, as the cold inspection of a broken column differs from the admiring gaze which wanders up the symmetrical shaft and fastens enraptured upon the beautiful capital which crowns its summit.—*Home Journal*.

ALBONI IN THE "FIGLIA DEL REGGIMENTO."—Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, a crowded audience assembled last Tuesday evening at the Broadway, to hear Alboni in *La Figlia del Reggimento*. Some time before the rising of the curtain, every seat had its occupant, and many were obliged to stand during the entire performance. Alboni's success in impersonating the character of Marie, had been considered doubtful by many, as it was thought that she would be unable to give that buoyancy and free natural grace, which the character requires. But no sooner did she appear than all such fears were dispelled: she tripped in so lightly upon the stage we scarcely recognised her. No throat but Alboni's could produce such tones. The playfulness and frank-heartedness of Marie were set forth admirably. The applause was judicious, general, hearty, and sometimes enthusiastic; and we risk nothing in asserting that Alboni is a "child" of whom any "regiment" would be proud. Her triumph on this occasion was unmistakable.—*Musical World*.

It is not easy to imagine a success more complete than that of Alboni in *La Figlia del Reggimento* last evening. The music affords her but comparatively little opportunity to display her transcendent skill and powers of voice, but it is full of passages which when archly sung are truly enchanting. Alboni goes on surprising and delighting us by her powers as a dramatic singer, and throughout this whole opera she exhibited delicate traits of character and expression with a truthfulness and effect worthy of a professed comedian. She was irresistibly droll at times: though she wore a skirt of proper and prudent length, her costume added not a little to the whimsicality of the performance, and her drumming capped the climax of comicality. In the last scene of the first act she sang with a simple touching pathos which moved the hearts of all who heard her; and in the first scene of the next act, the malicious fun, the intense suppressed enjoyment with which she again and again broke into the march and rataplan chorus were as fine strokes of purely dramatic art as we have seen upon the lyric stage. The performances were received with enthusiastic applause.—*York Enquirer*.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

The first of the annual series of performances of Mendelssohn's *Elijah* took place on the 21st ult. A greater crowd was never assembled within the walls of Exeter-hall. The performance was in many respects one of the grandest and most effective ever given by the members of the Sacred Harmonic Society. Since the conductorship has been vested in the hands of Mr. Costa the concerts have so greatly improved that the public will no longer tolerate anything like mediocrity or negligence. The society has attained a very high position, and to maintain it no ordinary exertion is required. Indiscriminate praises lavished upon the efforts of such a body of performers would be idle and injudicious. When at the commencement of the present season, the fragments from *Christus* were presented, the imperfect manner in which they were executed was justly and severely criticised. The adage, *Co n'est pas que le premier pas qui coute*, was verified in this instance, since two subsequent performances of the same music, in a style much more nearly approaching the desired perfection, received no notice whatever. It was felt that the posthumous work of a man to whom the Sacred Harmonic Society was so deeply indebted should have been rehearsed with care and pains enough to secure efficient execution. The contrary, however, was the case, and the music of Mendelssohn suffered in consequence. Happily the reputation of the author of *St. Paul* and *Elijah* was based on grounds too solid to be shaken: besides which, the fragments from *Christus* had already been given with great success at the Birmingham Festival, under the direction of Mr. Costa. The fault was therefore laid at the right door, and the members of the Sacred Harmonic Society were visited with all the blame. To have praised the second performance of *Christus* immediately after strongly censuring the first would have been to sanction a bad precedent, since there was no ostensible reason why the first should have been imperfect. It would equally have tended to encourage carelessness, in admitting that a false step could be so quickly and so easily retraced. Moreover, the unfavourable impression produced upon the audience on the first performance was hardly to be removed by another and a better, at which, most probably, they were not present. The importance of a first impression cannot be sufficiently considered by the Sacred Harmonic Society, or they would run no such risks. As the matter stands, they have yet to redeem their character by a correct and effective performance of what remains of the last oratorio of Mendelssohn. It should be borne in mind that rehearsals are not public performances, and that to inflict a rehearsal upon one audience (as in the example of *Christus*) of a performance to be enjoyed by another is at the best an injustice. The excuses so often urged in defence of unsatisfactory first performances, more especially where scenery and stage adjuncts are not concerned, are altogether invalid, and do more harm than good. The public is not admitted gratis to the first any more than to the second; they pay their money, and have a right to expect an equivalent, in a careful and well studied execution.

Now that the Members of the Sacred Harmonic Society have got *Elijah* pretty nearly by rote, we think Mr. Costa might, with safety, take some of the choruses, especially those in the first part, a little faster. The music of Mendelssohn bears dragging less than that of any other master. We need not individualise particular choruses, since Mr. Costa must be fully aware of the fact that many of those in *Elijah* are sung at Exeter-hall, under his direction, slower than the composer intended; and he has doubtless, only ventured on departing from the strict "*tempo*" to insure a steady and

correct execution of the passages. One especial example, however, we must single out from the rest—The final chorus of Part I, which, taken a very little faster, would be just twice as effective. No other fault could possibly be found with the performance on Friday, in so far as the orchestra and chorus were concerned. The solo part of the voices were not altogether so fortunate. Madame Fiorentini, to whom was intrusted the principal *soprano* music, was so evidently indisposed that she was unable to do justice either to herself or the music. The trio (unaccompanied) for female voices, "Lift thine eyes," was sung a great deal too slow, and lost much of its effect. Miss Huddart has yet to make herself acquainted with the recitatives, especially those very important ones in which Jezebel denounces Elijah to the people. Such music demands something else besides a fine voice. It must be studied attentively, or the finest of fine voices will go for nothing. Miss Deakin, again, was not quite at her ease in the music allotted to the second *soprano*, Mr. Weiss sang the music of Elijah, for the most part, remarkably well, especially the last air, "For the mountains," which we never heard better executed since the oratorio was first performed. Miss Dolby and Mr. Lockey were, as usual, unexceptionable; the minor vocal parts were satisfactorily given by Messrs. Novello, Smythson, and Walker; and the organ part, in many places of vast importance, was ably sustained by Mr. Brownsmith. The oratorio was repeated last night.

JULLIEN IN DUBLIN.

(From the Freeman's Journal, Jan. 21.)

THE nightly succession of musical wonders produced by Mons. Jullien and his band, seems not only to keep pace with public expectation, but even to surpass the highest conception which might have been formed on the subject. This cannot be wondered at when it is considered that nothing has been left undone to bring together and combine the instrumental genius and talent of every country in Europe. The names of such men as Koenig, Wuille, the brothers Mollenhauer, and Herr Frisch, are quite enough to show that the celebrated musical fraternity known as Jullien's band, owes nothing for its reputation save to its own unquestioned talent, and the presiding influence of its gifted conductor. Who can forget the wonders of the Echo Polka, as rendered by Herr Koenig on the cornet-a-piston, who with wizard power, throws the breathing softness of delicious melody into the far-off miles of distance, and who seems to court the extreme of musical difficulty on his instrument, for the mere purpose of showing the ease and facility with which he can master and subdue them?—or Herr Wuille on the clarionet, who has perhaps done more to give a character and reputation to that instrument than all his predecessors put together, by developing all its resources in tone, brilliancy, and expressiveness which it was never dreamed to possess even by those who thought themselves conversant with all its capabilities? To enter into a catalogue of the individual excellences of Mons. Jullien's musical phalanx, would be indeed a pleasing duty, if such a course were not precluded by our limited space; but who does not feel the fabled power of Orpheus almost realised on hearing the brother Mollenhauer on the violin, in whose hands it seems the slave of their will, and as unlike itself as possible.

The crowds which flocked in every direction leading to the Round-room of the Rotunda on last evening, furishes, perhaps, the best illustration which can be given of the attraction which these concerts have for the lovers of music, and the public in general. Every part of the space known as the reserved seats, was filled to the utmost, and the promenade was anything but what its name would imply, inasmuch as a person therein was well off in securing mere standing-room. The concert opened with the well-known overture from *Der Freischutz*, which was given with

the most telling effect. The "St. Leger" quadrille, composed by Mons. Jullien, was performed for the first time, and was received with the greatest enthusiasm. The "Exile's Lament," an emigrant's story, from the music of Roch Albert, was rendered superbly by Herr Koenig, who, as a foreigner, cannot be too much praised for the pathos, feeling, and nationality which he threw into this beautiful composition, having reference to the griefs and sorrows of the poor Irishman's departure from the land of his birth. The celebrated "Royal Irish" were performed midst the heartfelt rounds of applause, and we believe nothing but the want of space prevented the whole assembly breaking out into one great simultaneous quadrille. Even as it was, we could hear the impatient shuffling of feet, particularly amongst the ladies, which indicated that they would not have any objection to dance on the occasion, if circumstances permitted.

The selections and fantasia from *Pietro il Grande*, were listened to with the most profound delight; and, in point of massive grandeur, blended with delicious melody, nothing could be more majestic or serenely beautiful. The solo (flute), from *Der Freischütz*, by Herr Frisch, was glorious, and every pause, or the termination of a passage in the performance, was hailed with unbounded applause. The clarinet solo, by Wuille, was capable of leading criticism captive—its equal we have never heard, nor do we expect to hear for a long time again.

In consequence of the illness of Mdlle. Zerr, a damp was thrown on the enjoyment of the evening, not because of any absence of musical attraction on the occasion, but from the feeling of general regret felt by the whole audience that this gifted lady should be prevented from appearing on the occasion by illness. The announcement of Mdlle. Zerr's indisposition was received in a manner highly creditable to the kindly feeling of all present. Though not announced to appear in the bills of this day, on this evening, if the state of her health will in any way permit, she will sing on the occasion.

January 22nd.

"A procession," says a great man, "becomes more valuable when we know that we are about to lose it." The attendance of all the *elite*, and the masses of our fellow-citizens which filled every part of the space in the Round-room, and the other apartments within hearing distance of the concert on last evening, fully proves the justness of the observation, and the knowledge of men possessed by him who gave the maxim utterance. This evening is the last which Mons. Jullien can spend in this country, and we are proud of the taste and judgment shown by our fellow-countrymen in their sterling appreciation of true genius, and the liberal reward which we have extended towards it in the person of Mons. Jullien and his banded harmonious brotherhood. It was said of some one that he had not time to make himself famous. How Mons. Jullien has overcome that difficulty, certainly we cannot account. The passages performed from *Pietro il Grande*, on last evening, were of a character well calculated to excite the wonder of any one conversant with music as to how anything so finely characteristic of originality of conception, beauty, and feeling, could be produced by one whose whole time, as we would have imagined, should be taken up with supplying the endless demands for polkas, quadrilles, and gallops, which were all but worthless, if they did not bear the well-known autograph of "Jullien." But it is said of Dryden that he had only his leisure hours to make himself famous.

The *Figlia del Reggimento*, of Jenny Lind notoriety, was performed finely by Mr. W. Hill, not that we are altogether prepared to say that the applause with which it was received was not, in a great measure, owing to the critical acumen of the audience, being warped by the popularity of the composition. The "Marche Funebre," composed for the funeral of the late Duke of Wellington, by a lady known as "Angelina," the gifted composer of the celebrated German *lied*, "Solitude," and many other charming specimens of musical composition, was, perhaps, the great lion of the night. It is full, massive, plaintive, and sonorous, and worthy of the manes of him whose obsequies it celebrates. Herr Koenig, in his instrumental ventriloquism on the cornet-a-piston, was the spirit of echo itself. In Jullien's echo polka, "Les Echos du Mont Blanc," the snowy heights of some

ideal Chamouni seemed to repeat the melody of their masterly performer. We have not left ourselves room to dwell on the exquisite instrumentation of Wuille on the flute, or Pacque on the violoncello, but will refer to them in our succeeding notice. We regret to say that the health of Mdlle. Zerr prevented her performing on the occasion; and we further regret to state that her medical advisers are of opinion that a considerable time must elapse before this charming vocalist can appear in public.

(From Saunders' News, Jan. 22.)

The first of a series of concerts, previous to his departure for America, was given by Mons. Jullien last evening, in the Round-room of the Rotunda, and a most fashionable and crowded audience manifested the interest felt in the performances, and the consciousness that they would spend some hours in a very agreeable manner. The *Musical World*, in a recent notice of Jullien, remarks very justly—"He has sought to combine the greatest and most varied attractions with the cheapness so much desired, and has succeeded beyond his hopes. Instead of being on the wane, the vogue of his concerts, now in the fourteenth, and, we grieve to add, 'farewell season,' is greater than ever. Night after night Drury Lane Theatre is besieged by a dense crowd of human beings, scarcely more than half of whom can be comfortably accommodated, while numbers are inevitably turned away from the doors with their money in their hands. It is worth noting, that during the unexampled career of Jenny Lind in this country, the only musical speculator who in no degree suffered through the influence of her absorbing attraction, was Jullien. The moral to be deduced is simple. Zeal in the public service, when accompanied by great talent, enterprise well directed, invariable punctuality, and reasonable charges, cannot miss its reward. This has been his happy secret. What Jules Janin said of Alexandre Dumas, may be fairly applied to Jullien—'He is a great public amuser.' Not only has he for many years, winter and summer, entertained and delighted the inhabitants of the metropolis, but the provinces of the three kingdoms have been equally indebted to him. Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, Dublin, Edinburgh, and Glasgow, have benefited by his spring and autumn tours. These great commercial cities have sent their multitudes at his bidding." While he has consulted the taste of the many by music more popular than classical, he does not neglect the great masters; and the programme of last evening was creditable to his taste, and attractive at the same time. Most of the leading artists who usually form his orchestra, appeared on this occasion, and a great charm in their playing arises from the fact that while all are masters of their respective instruments, they act together with a unity of purpose that allows the score to be interpreted with fire, vigour, and refinement, and the minuter graces of expression are not lost sight of. Beethoven's overture to *Egmont* was rendered with great effect and judgment; and amid the most attractive gems of the concert were the *andante* of Mendelssohn's, known as the Italian symphony, and the *allegretto* from one of Beethoven's symphonies. Both were executed in a true spirit, and without any attempt to introduce novel or undue effects, and the only regret arose from these performances being too short. M. Lavigne's solo on the oboe, introducing the celebrated air that follows the recitative, "Tutto Sciolto," and other selections from *Sonnambula*, manifested the brilliancy and finish of his execution, and Mons. Wuille, in his variations for the clarinet on a well-known theme, delighted the audience by the richness and beauty of his tone, the skill with which he produced the distant or echoing notes, and the ease with which he subdued very involved and difficult passages. The duet for two violins, by the brothers Mollenhauer, also elicited deserved plaudits, for the instruments went admirably together, and the practice must have been great to produce such a result, even with such able artists. Herr Koenig whose name is identified with these concerts, and who is such a deserved favourite, gratified the audience on several occasions by his solos on the cornet, and in the polka "Les Echos du Mont Blanc," was encored, the faint receding notes of the mountain refrain contrasting effectively with the fine volume of sound previously heard. Selections were given from Jullien's opera, *Pietro il Grande*, although not all announced in the programme, and several of the subjects are

likely to be popular. Variety has been consulted, and the *repertoire* of dance music has not been omitted. This, while a very pleasing lament, "Oh! heaven hear my prayer," wrings upon the ear, the second verse has for its accompaniment a graceful mazurka, the whole being arranged with much skill, and the martial and impressive Russian national hymn, is one of the most telling airs in the opera. Herr Koenig and the second cornet were here heard to great advantage. Madlle. Anna Zerr, the prima donna of the theatre at Vienna, created a most favourable impression by her singing, and her engagement is an interesting feature in these concerts. Her voice is a very high soprano, of great compass, clear, but thin in quality; but the characteristic of her style, and the great merit of it is, the facility of her execution, and the precision and fluency with which she passes from one involved passage to another, and from division to division. Both her airs were encored; and in the very graceful Tyrolienne by Haas, the echoing notes, high and true in sound, went admirably with the orchestra.

Dramatic

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—On Saturday night a new piece in three acts, entitled *St. Cupid, or Dorothy's Fortune*, and written by Mr. Douglas Jerrold, was played for the first time in a public theatre. That a new work from the pen of an author so celebrated in various departments of literary composition, should call forth on the occasion of its production, a considerable amount of excitement and curiosity was a matter of course. This play had, moreover, one advantage which no other within the memory of several generations has enjoyed. It was accepted and played at Windsor before the general public had the privilege of beholding it, and the voice of the multitude was evoked on Saturday not to give, as usual, an opinion in the first instance, but to confirm the favourable judgment delivered by the Court on the night preceding.

As a period for dramatic action the author has a known predilection for a space of time which embraces the end of the Stuarts and the commencement of the Hanoverian dynasty, and the old English airs, out of which a lively and effective overture has been made by Herr Stöpel, the musical conductor of the establishment, came as an augury that we should once more be kept at a distance from the modern world. The conjecture awakened by this overture and by the quaint names in the programme proved to be correct. The action of the play takes place at an early period of Jacobite rising, when the Ministers of the Hanoverian Government are supposed to be searching for conspirators in every corner. Of these none is more zealous than Mr. Under-Secretary Zero (Mr. James Vining), who sniffs a plot in every circumstance that falls under his notice, and looks upon a letter that relates to the most ordinary transactions in life as a particle in a treasonable correspondence. In the course of overhauling a number of letters brought to him by an underling from the post-office, he stumbles upon one written by a certain "Dorothy," resident at the "Lilacs." To the eye of common sense this seems merely to refer to the predictions of ordinary fortune-telling, but to the practised vision of the secretary it appears redolent of treasonable aspirations. He resolves to inspect the "Lilacs," and so also does his nephew, Sir Valentine May (Mr. Walter Lacy), though from a different motive. The young man likes the name of Dorothy, and foresees an adventure in her prettily-named residence. Setting out on his expedition, he comes to the "Lilacs," which proves to be a boarding-school kept by one Dr. Budd (Mr. Harley). The formal Doctor, Juno,

his maid-servant (Mrs. W. Lacy); and Dorothy Budd (Mrs. C. Kean), the schoolmaster's daughter, present themselves in succession to his admiring gaze, and he is so much charmed with Dorothy, who has a pretty, bewitching manner, and is decked in all the pleasant finery of a rustic beauty of years gone by, that he resolves to offer himself in the capacity of usher. The Doctor, who had hoped that his strange visitor, who is clad in velvet, and wears a Court sword, was a new pupil, is rather astonished to find that he aspires to nothing more than the place of usher, with the salary of £10 a-year, for which all sorts of learning, including fiddling and the use of the broadsword, are expected; but his doubts are removed by Valentine's assurance that his fine clothes have never been paid for, and, urged by Dorothy, who is greatly prepossessed in favour of the handsome young man, he at last makes up his mind that the proposed usher will be a credit to his school. Valentine accordingly doffs his velvet attire, and reappears in a plain dress, such as ushers ought to wear. The mere adventure of the idler begins to assume a serious aspect. He has become earnestly attached to Dorothy, and Dorothy has evidently staked her happiness upon his affection, while the worthy schoolmaster reflects what a handsome pair they would make. Dorothy, however, has another lover, her cousin, Ensign Bellefleur (Mr. G. Everett), who will not lightly suffer the heart to which he has aspired to be bestowed upon another. He therefore contrives to annoy Valentine, but he has a generous foe, for Valentine knows him to be a secret Jacobite, already proscribed, and resolves to save him from the vigilance of the Government. His method is somewhat circuitous. Finding that "Queen Bee" (Mr. Wright), an old gipsy fortune-teller, has great influence both with the young mistress and the maid, he presses her, by dint of rewards and threats, into his service, and induces her, in the course of their consultations, to throw out dark hints which may warn Dorothy of Bellefleur's danger. By a series of misunderstandings, Valentine, who on one occasion plays some Jacobite airs on the fiddle, to convey to Bellefleur's knowledge the fact that he is aware of his real character, is suspected first of being a Hanoverian spy, and afterwards of being a Jacobite conspirator, and the heart of poor Dorothy, who despises her lover in the one case, and trembles for his life in the other, is subjected to very painful emotions. At last all parties are made happy. The young Ensign escapes with the assistance of Valentine and Queen Bee, and Valentine, acknowledging his rank as Sir Valentine, declares that Dorothy shall be his wife in the presence of her delighted father, just as Uncle Zero, who has likewise visited the "Lilacs," had expressed his admiration of his nephew's talents as a skilful plotter.

The play begins admirably. The ground seems nicely laid out for a drama of the *Housekeeper* school. The characters all make their appearance with those good things in their mouths which Mr. Jerrold knows so well how to write,—now raising the hope of a repartee, now satisfying that hope in an unexpected manner. Then the epigrammatic style of the last century receives additional pungency from the allusions made to the usher's small salary,—a topic of frequent discussion at the present day being thus artfully introduced without destroying the old-fashioned look of the general picture. The actors, too, were all known favourites, and all played in the best spirit, as if they liked their work. Mrs. C. Kean never acted more charmingly than in the part of Dorothy. The simple, though sensible girl, made up partly of playfulness and partly of sentiment—neither element greatly prepon-

derating over the other—required that delicacy of colouring which is Mrs. Kean's great *forte* to give it its full significance; and we never saw the *minutiae* of smiles, sighs, and hesitating glances more judiciously distributed. Mr. Wright, as the old gipsy woman, put forth all his accustomed humour, though keeping it more within certain bounds than in former days. Mr. Walter Lacy has in Valentine a character of less dash and eccentricity than those in which he is accustomed to shine, and belonging to a class not often to be found in the dramatic writings of the present day; but he goes through his arduous task with credit. That Mr. Harley is completely the pompous schoolmaster is, of course, an incontrovertible proposition, for no playgoer can imagine a pompous schoolmaster connected with the stage without the image of Mr. Harley rising before his mental vision. Nor should we omit to mention the very quiet, gentlemanlike manner in which Mr. J. Vining sustained the part of the old gouty secretary, and the spirit which Mrs. W. Lacy (a new acquisition to the theatre) threw into the little character of Juno, the servant. The dresses and scenes heightened the general effect. Never was a prettier cottage than Dorothy's abode, and never was a more picturesque figure than Dorothy herself.

The play, as we have already said, begins admirably; but, as it progresses, a great fault begins to manifest itself—the absence of an interesting plot. This is especially apparent in the third act, which relates to the escape of Ensign Bellefleur, and which is intricate to obscurity, without the compensation of striking situations or development. We see Queen Bee vacillating from one side to another; we see Dorothy overpowered with terror at her lover's danger, but no personage or passion rivets our attention after Dorothy's declaration that she does not consider Valentine a spy, and the tale becomes vague and unsatisfactory. We have admired the personages, one by one, as they came upon the stage, we have applauded the *bon mots* that fell from their lips, we have rejoiced to see that a favourite writer is as full of wit as ever, and more than usually free from acidity; but when we come to the third act, and are obliged to think about plot and construction, the question is forced upon us, "What have all these persons been about, and to what do their actions tend?" and we are puzzled for an answer. If the pains that have been taken with the earlier part of the dialogue had been bestowed on the construction of the entire work, a much better play would have been the result. But when we talk of construction, we are generally obliged to say, with Sterne, "They manage these things better in France."

The applause at the conclusion was loud and unanimous; the curtain was re-raised to show the chief actors, and the author bowed from his private box.

MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

JULLIEN'S FAREWELL CONCERT, January 25th.—Of all the concerts yet given in the Free Trade Hall, that given by Jullien as his farewell, prior to leaving for America, surpasses them all! The music shops were literally besieged on Tuesday last for tickets for the reserved seats (2s. 6d. each), the consequence was, that early in the afternoon a very great extension of the portion allotted to the front benches had to be made, until the reserved seats extended as far as the fourth pillar on each side from the orchestra, or two-thirds of the depth of the hall, leaving for promenade (at 1s. each) the other third and the space under the galleries; the result was, that as soon as the doors were

opened at seven o'clock (half an hour before the time announced), a dense mass was packed immediately in every corner allotted to the standers (for promenaders is a misnomer), the overflow thence soon filled the galleries (at 1s. 6d. each), and at last some hundreds had to be packed (at 2s. 6d. each) at the back of the orchestra, on benches right up to the organ, behind all Jullien's far-famed band! after this the steps, the wings, and every portion about the front of the orchestra. Wherever any one could sit or stand had its occupant,—never did we behold such a *monstre* gathering,—all classes, gentle and simple, magistrates, divines, Manchester's wealthiest merchants and bankers. Some with parties of ladies in evening costume, had to rough it with some poor honest well-dressed artisans from towns in the neighbourhood, who had come to spend their half-crown, and to assist at this last ovation of the mighty Jullien! Such a reception, such a flattering farewell tribute, and such a satisfactory pecuniary result, Jullien will nowhere realise out of the metropolis. Well, he richly deserved it all; and may he come back from his transatlantic trip in full health and vigour, with a full purse, and a teeming train, to delight us with his Yankee notions in some daringly exciting shape! The Concert of Tuesday last was very charming, more so to the educated and enlightened hearer, perhaps, than to many in the dense masses that crowded the Hall. It would seem as if Jullien, at his leave-taking of his Manchester friends, determined to be indebted for success or enthusiasm to no clap-trap, no gongs, no firing of real cannon, no extra drummer, French or British, no Dragoon cornets or trombones even. No! all was legitimate; yet such is the progress made by Jullien in teaching the public, that all went successfully; there was no excitement, certainly, beyond that inevitable in such a multitudinous assemblage; the very sight of such a hall full seemed a treat to hundreds; and when they began to take people across the platform, and to fill them as it were from behind from at the back of the orchestra, there was a regular cheer! Numbers of omnibuses from Staleybridge, Stockport, Hollinwood, Oldham, and various towns, brought their full loads to the hall, and waited until the concert was over. But about the music (we have said enough about the people,—the list of good and successful pieces must suffice; Beethoven's Overture to *Fidelio*; the Allegro and Fugue, from his C minor symphony, the Scherzo from Mendelssohn's in A minor, were splendidly played. Another bit of classical, that seemed very "caviare to the general"—the people wondered and pondered, but it was listened to most devoutly, viz., the choral Fugato on the celebrated Ancient "Canto Fermo" of the Greek creed. A great treat to us was afforded by the well-known arrangement from the *Don Giovanni*, in which M. Prosper plays so important a part in the *sol*, with his unearthly ophicleide, Lavigne in the "La ci darem," and Kœnig in the "Deh Vieni," &c. &c. Amongst the dance music,—the "Mont Blanc Polka," with Kœnig's masterly echoes, improves on acquaintance, and was encored; the quadrilles were the "Pietro il Grande" and the "Hibernian," the last movement of the latter encored; the chief novelty was a Valse by Jullien, called "The Greek Slave," which is very beautiful but too elaborate to judge or criticise closely on a first hearing; the opening strain (which recurs a time or two) is lovely. The only solo players were Lavigne on his oboe, and Wuille on the clarinet; they are both splendid players; Wuille certainly superior to every performer that has yet appeared on his difficult instrument, especially in sweetness and purity of tone, and wonderful facility of execution. The old favourite "Post Horn Galop" wound up the concert at near eleven o'clock, but the cry was for the "National Anthem," which was given. The vast assemblage appeared quite reluctant to disperse,—even then they cheered most lustily, waving hats and handkerchiefs, &c. There was one *contretemps*, which was luckily overcome by Jullien's genius; Mlle. Zerr, who has not been in good health or voice all the tour was detained by illness in Dublin, consequently Jullien had to telegraph to London, and got down Miss Cicely Nott, who, if not Mlle. Zerr, as announced, pleased the folks so well, she was encored in both her songs, the Polacca "Son Vergin Vezzosa" and "Annie Laurie."

Original Correspondence.

MUSICAL CONDUCTORS.—No. 2.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

The greatest obstacle to the conductor, in the efficient discharge of his duty, arises from the equivocal position of the leader, or first violin.

It is needless to discuss why the leader had formerly a more complicated range of functions than are more properly assigned to him. The judgment of all the highest authorities, and the practice of all the best orchestral performances concur in the separation of the duties of the leader and conductor, at least in all large orchestras, where there is an intelligent and an intelligible conductor.

As regards the first violin, it is quite obvious that as an artist his position is more honourable and distinguished as taking the first instrument, the one whose clear, firm, well-pronounced tone, runs through the whole composition, and links, as it were, silver thread, felt rather than perceived in a good orchestra by every performer.

The first violin is properly the keystone of the arch, not the dead weight to keep it from being thrust out of position. I cannot but think that the purity of style of some of our best violinists has been impaired, while that of several of the old school had become barbarous, from the habit of strong bowing, grown habitual through the supposed necessity of making the fiddle growl, grumble, shout, scold, and admonish the arrant propensities of other instruments in the band. If it were not that the whole beauty of a performance is frequently marred by the intermittent playing of the leader, now executing a few bars pleasantly enough, anon giving a fortissimo plunge, with a rasp as musical as the sharpening of a saw, then revolving convulsively on his axis, and waving his bow to beat time; or, to all appearance, to menace some unlucky wight with a rap on the knuckles, and again bowing away with a forty-fiddler power. If, I say, we were not conscious that all this is ruinous to the smooth and regular flow of harmony, we might regard it as a series of sportive feats performed by the leader with a celerity that astonishes the beholder.

Such is the love of power, that although the exchange of the position of leader, for that of first violinist, places the artist in a far better position for the exercise of his musical skill and taste; yet there is no doubt that many performances are marred, in consequence of the reluctance of the gentleman who has *violino primo* to take the time and general reading of a composition from the conductor.

As regards art, this is unpardonable; for there can be no token of the highest order of merit so conspicuous and decisive as the hearty abandonment of selfish display in any artistic production. But we hesitate not to say that this morbid jealousy of precedence, or apparent superiority, tends to jar and disturb that unity in which consists the principal charm of any great work, or indeed of any composite work; and by impairing the effectiveness of the whole, brings discredit, more or less, on all its parts.

I should be sorry to have it supposed that I wish for one moment to depreciate the qualities of the gentlemen who take the post of first violinist; among these number are enrolled many of the finest musicians in the country—men of taste, knowledge, and matured experience—men in every respect competent to act as conductors, but utterly incapable, from the very nature of things, of uniting the office of leader and conductor.

This confusion of offices reminds one of the lady who played Juliet, and then sang as principal vocalist in her own requiem; or, the military commander fighting hand to hand with some drum hero trooper, while disorder is spreading from one wing of his army to the other.

If there is to be a conductor, his *bâton* must be the guiding star of the orchestra—there must be no conflicting authorities; if we are to have two parties, each of whom shall be regarded as directing the execution of concerted music, we may as well hand it over to a committee, and take a note upon the length of every crotchet and quaver. No, the firmament will not hold two suns—the musical world will not submit to a divided rule. In the council of war, in other words, at the rehearsal, let the veteran performer, or the accomplished young artist, freely give his opinion, and let every

effort be made to produce a perfect consonance and sympathy between the conductor and orchestra; when this is once established, there should be no kicking, no shortening, no reluctance to produce a proposed result, but all should unite as one man, as though for a season all were animated by one soul, only exhibiting such harmonious variety, as in human nature, no less than in art, reflects the great element of beauty established by the Creator, infinite diversity of detail reconciled with infinite unity.

Now, the conductor must stand as the exponent of the harmonising power, his attention disengaged from the embarrassment of any instrument, having the whole work before him, and as he vibrates to his very soul with its rhythms, having it for one second a thing of imagination, in the next a stirring fact, he is not so much a director or governor, in the vulgar sense of the expression, as the focus of emotion and impulse; and as the best ruler of a people is said to be the man who most completely reflects the prevailing sentiment, so the most successful conductor will, during the actual performance, be responsive to every movement; even as the heart which propels the blood through our system derives its stimulus from that blood, so the conductor, if we treat him as the heart of our orchestral performance, derives his stimulus from the minds, speaking through the material instruments, of the individual executants. One great reason for the conductor being disenthralled from the charge of an instrument, is the advantage it gives the band and chorus of having the aid of two senses, instead of one for their guidance; if the ear wanders from the regulation of its own instrument, to listen to the leader, the old adage of the two stools is very apt to be realized; whereas, taking this information through the eye, by an occasional glance at the conductor, the execution is not liable to disturbance; at the same time, that of the first violin play freely and steadily, his legitimate sustaining influence will be thoroughly felt by the body of performers, and just as he is apt to beget a jerking style of playing, by pulling or twanging the orchestra together from time to time, so he will assuredly induce, though perhaps with mutual unconsciousness, an evenness of execution in every department, by playing the music set down for him with clearness and neatness, though of course with marked decision and style.

In conclusion, while there can be no doubt that many instances could readily be given of small orchestras playing well and effectively together, without the aid of a conductor, I think it must be clear to every unbiassed orchestral writer and performer that it is quite out of the question attempting to produce successful concerts, at which large numbers of executants are engaged, unless the performances are directed by a sound musician as conductor, whose qualifications for the important office are such as I have endeavoured to define in the two letters which I have written on the subject.

A MUSICIAN.

Jan. 26, 1853.

Provincial.

BRISTOL.—MR. H. C. COOPER.—This eminent violinist, who, since the close of Jullien's concerts at Drury-lane, has been sojourning at Clifton, and assisting at the numerous musical soirées given by the resident gentry, gave his annual concert of Classical Chamber Music at the Victoria Rooms, Clifton, on Wednesday, the 19th instant, under the immediate patronage of his Grace the Duke of Beaufort, the Mayor of Bristol, Robt. Gay Barrow, Esq., Robert Bright, Esq. (High Sheriff), the Hon. F. H. F. Berkeley, M.P., William Gore Langton, Esq., M.P., and many of the most influential families of the surrounding country. So general was the desire to be present on the occasion, that, on the Saturday preceding the concert, every seat was taken, and every ticket disposed of. We copy the following notice of the performance chiefly from the *Bristol Mercury*, a paper which has a much wider circulation than any other journal in the locality:—"Mr. H. C. Cooper's concert took place on Wednesday, at the Victoria Rooms, and he is sure that we shall be only giving utterance to the unanimous opinion of all present, when we say that in all respects—in the quality of the music, as well as the merits of the performers—it was one of the most satisfactory that has ever taken place in this city. For the first time we had an opportunity of hearing, in

their collective capacity, the members of the London Quartett Association—Messrs. Cooper, Sainton, Hill, and Piatti. This association (as many of our readers may be aware) was formed in the metropolis at the commencement of the last season, its object being to render in as perfect a manner as possible the splendid Chamber Music of Mozart, Beethoven, Spohr, Mendelssohn, and other great composers. Its success, it is gratifying to learn, has been of the most encouraging kind. That its members have done much for the advancement of musical art, not one of the many who were present on Wednesday will, we think, be inclined to question. The concert opened with a quintett for two violins, viola, and two violoncellos, opera 34, by Onslow, comprising an allegro, minuetto the trio, adagio espressivo, and finale allegro, and which was sustained by the four artistes before enumerated, with our talented fellow citizen, Waite, as second bass. It was a learned composition, and was performed with a precision, finish, nice attention to detail, and studied observance of light and shade, which can only be attained by severe and combined practice. The adagio, in particular, was beautifully expressive. It opened with a fine flowing legato passage for the violins, with pizzicato accompaniment for violoncello, and, interspersed throughout the movement, were delicious bits of melody for the instruments, which gave to the composition a more popular character than often pertains to the productions of so classical a school. A duo concertante for two violins, by Spohr, brought Mr. Cooper and his eminent French rival into harmonious competition, and we could not suppress the hope, as the two artistes stood forward to receive the congratulations of their respective admirers, that progress in the arts, in commercial greatness, and in the advancement of civilization, might be the only struggle in which the powerful nations they represented will be involved. The duo, which comprised an allegro, adagio, and finale presto, was admirably adapted for bringing out the powers of the performers, the theme being alternately taken by either. It was listened to with intense interest, and was a splendid example of what refined taste and consummate art can accomplish. In a word, the performance of this delicious *morceau* was highly creditable to both artists. The concluding strain of the finale was the signal for general and long-continued applause. A grand sonata in D, for piano and violoncello, opera 58, by Mendelssohn, followed, and was sustained by Piatti and M. Schuly, a pianiste, whom we heard for the first time, but who combines the requisites of a fine artiste—delicacy, power, firmness, and precision of touch, rapidity of execution, and an evident appreciation of his author. Of Piatti's performance on the violoncello too much could scarcely be said. In correctness of intonation, richness of tone, and neatness of manipulation, it was all that could be desired. The sonata, which comprised three movements,—allegro assai vivace, allegretto scherzando, and adagio molto allegro e vivace—was, as may be supposed, of masterly construction, but it was not so rich in subject as we should have expected. The opening of the scherzando, which was fanciful in a high degree, most reminded us of its author's general style. The piece was splendidly played, and closed the first part. The second part opened with the crowning effort of the evening—Beethoven's grand quintett in C, opera 29, which was played by the members of the association, with Webb, of Costa's band, as second viola. It comprised four movements—allegro moderato, adagio molto espressivo, scherzo allegro, and finale presto—and was a magnificent composition, full of melody, grand and rich in its harmonies, and admitting of the most masterly effects of execution. The delicate precision with which it was played bespoke careful study, and long and diligent practice. The great German master, Meyerbeer, when he wished to express intense admiration of the ensemble of the Distin's performance, said: "These five men play as if they were one man;" and the same may be said of Mr. Cooper and his associates. A sharp staccato chord, introduced for the effect of contrast at the close of a theme in the adagio, was as crisp and perfect as it would be possible for any combination of instrumentalists to make it. The very agreeable concert was closed by a splendid quartett, by Mendelssohn, in E flat, No. 3, op. 44, which was faultlessly rendered. It was gratifying to find that the room was crowded from end to end, many being turned away from the doors. So great was the demand for numbered tickets that,

after reluctantly refusing the sale of many, Mr. Cooper was compelled to reserve all the seats in the body of the room, with the exception of five or six rows.

CHELTEMHAM.—Three concerts have been given at Messrs Hale and Son's Music Rooms, Clarence Parade, during the past week, by the celebrated Collins Family and Mr. Bowland. The whole of the programmes were gone through to the delight and satisfaction of the audience. Indeed, the talent of the party is so well known, it would be but adulation to expatiate. Mr. Bowland's performance on the contra basso elicited the most unbounded applause. M. Jullien gives two concerts, under the management of Messrs. Hale and Son, on Saturday next; and we understand the reserved seats are already taken.

Reviews of Music.

"A DELIGHTFUL WALTZ." By the Author of "A Delightful Polka." C. Jefferys.

The author of "A Delightful Polka"—a polka rendered familiar to all readers of the *Musical World*—we need hardly say is Mr. Carlo Minasi. The popularity achieved by the "Delightful Polka," and the interesting incident upon which it is founded, no doubt incited Mr. Carlo Minasi to look out for another interesting incident upon which to found a delightful waltz. Mr. Carlo Minasi found an interesting incident, and here is the finding, prefixed in full type to the waltz.

"A DELIGHTFUL WALTZ, AND THE EFFECTS OF DANCING IT. —One evening, not long since, a young lady, a particular friend of the author of 'A Delightful Waltz,' having 'tript it on the light fantastic toe' somewhat too long and ardently, and her strength being unequal to such exertion, fainted in the arms of her gallant partner. She was laid, like 'a drooping lily,' on the nearest couch, whilst her rosy companions, still blooming, continued to whir in the mazes of the waltz. On shortly recovering from her fainting fit, the first words she murmured were, 'Oh! what a delightful waltz!'

"As she was weak and languid on the following day, the family physician was summoned to attend her. On learning the particulars, he observed that her kind of illness was very prevalent amongst his younger patients. 'The fact is,' said he, 'you have over-exerted your strength while waltzing, and are now suffering lassitude and debility, in consequence; I must really forbid it, I fear.' 'Oh! may I not waltz any more?' she exclaimed, 'I am so fond of it!' 'I said not so, my little enthusiast; had you not interrupted me, my advice would have been thus:—Refrain awhile, and try a more gentle stimulant instead. Suppose, we say, for the present, three rounds of 'A Delightful Polka,' to be taken every night!' 'Oh! thank you, Doctor; that is the nicest physic you ever prescribed! I'll be sure to take it punctually, and recommend it extensively.'

There are only two things in the above story necessary to render it coherent and entire; viz., the colour of the doctor's waistcoat, and the college from which he derived his diploma. Nevertheless, the story is probal, and if it have not, ought to have taken place.

With regard to the "delightful waltz," musically speaking, it is a good, if not a delightful waltz, and has a very elegant and attractive phrase running through it. It opens with a highly pleasing introduction, a *deux temps*, and is, indeed, altogether, a waltz to be recommended without stint or let, and will not disappoint any expectation. Wherefore we recommend it, and strongly too.

Mr. Brandard has supplied for the frontispiece a bright, gaudy, and finely-coloured lithograph of an officer in full dress supporting in his arms a lady in half dress, who has just fainted after accomplishing a waltz. It is a good graph, and a possible.

"FLEURS PRINTANIERES"—Quadrille, pour le piano—Composée par F. L. SOHLMANN. Jewell and Letchford.

A quadrille scarcely above the average merit. In melody it is rather deficient, not one number of the set—excepting perhaps number 3—possessing an individual or striking tune. Those who try the quadrille twice, however, we fancy, will prefer it to those who try it only once.

"THE ROSE AND THE BLOSSOM"—Ballad—By JOSEPH CALKIN.
Calkin and Budd, and Duff and Hodgson.

This ballad has a nice feeling in it, and is decidedly Irish in its tune, although Mr. Calkin has vied—as we may imply from the name of "Jessie"—to compose a tune of the Scottish kind. However, if the air be not absolutely Scotch—which the composer aimed at—it is absolutely pleasing, which is far better for those who purchase it.

"IN JOY OR SORROW"—Ballad—Written by EDWYN ST. JAMES HULM, Esq., M.D.—The Music for voice and piano. By CARLO MINASI. Wessel and Co.

Again we have to extend our praise to a song by Mr. Carlo Minasi, and with no sparing hand. "In Joy or Sorrow" pleases us much. It is vocal, tuneful, flowing, and highly expressive. It is, besides, well written, and the accompaniments are clever and ingenious. We recommend "In Joy or Sorrow" as an excellent ballad of the plaintive school for a *mezzo soprano*. The words are worthy of an M.D., not to say Esquire.

"MINASI'S JETTY TREFFZ QUADRILLES"—On favourite Airs, sung by that celebrated cantatrice. Composed by CARLO MINASI. Wessel and Co.

It is enough to say, the airs are well chosen and well arranged, and that the Jetty Treffz Quadrille will not moult a feather of the reputation of the charming teutonic songstress—always providing the verb "moult" to be a verb active, which it is not. The subjects taken are, "No, I will not bear it longer," "A ride I once was taking (Trab, trab)," "Though absent, I love thee," and "Neapolitan air," all beautified and rendered familiar by the pretty and finished warbling of Jetty, the popular and *spirituelle*.

"BAL MASQUE POLKA"—For the Pianoforte; with an Accompaniment, ad libitem for the Cornet—By CARLO MINASI. C. Jefferys.

Price 3s. 1. Why the frontispiece is worth all the money! Look at it! Is it not quaintly designed, boldly drawn, and splendidly, nay gorgeously coloured? The figures are full of life and well contrasted, and the entire scene well and artistically filled. The locale we cannot make out. It is not Drury Lane, nor any London theatre, nor yet the Grand Opera at Paris, although something mindful of it, and the conductor looks more like Musard than Jullien.

The polka is spirited and lively, and has the recommendation—not needed, by the way—of having been played by the band of the 2nd Life Guards.

"LE DIAMANT DE LA SOCIÉTÉ"—Grande Valse Brillante Pour le Pianoforte—Composed and dedicated to W. H. Holmes, Esq. By CARLO MINASI. Wessel and Co.

A very brilliant and effective *Valse de Salon*, constituting a trying and showy piece for the advanced pupil. The introduction will be prized by the player mainly for its fascinating passages for the right hand. The valse is in E flat, with an episode in B flat, and a return to the subject of the introduction in A flat, the coda, of course, recurring to the original key. The whole is well and fancifully written, and can be commended as an admirable piece for display.

"NEW YEAR'S EVE"—No. 8 of the Recollections of Wales—Arranged for the Pianoforte—By BRINLEY RICHARDS. Robert Cocks and Co.

This beautiful old Welsh Melody—Nüs Galen—has lost neither its beauty nor its antiquity in the neat and elegant frame in which it is set by Mr. Brinley Richards, who has succeeded no less happily in the present instance than in the preceding which have been noticed by us. We recommend Mr. Brinley Richards to proceed with his "Recollections," which once heard cannot be soon forgotten. The collection when completed will form a valuable and available volume.

"LA LYONNAISE"—Schottisch de Salon—Par CHARLES VOSS. (Œuvre. 134, No. 2.) Robert Cocks and Co.

When we say that Mr. Charles Voss's Schottisch is not very original, is danceable, and well written, we shall say all we deem it necessary to say on the subject.

"MARY ASTORE"—Ballad—Words by MRS. CRAWFORD—Music by STEPHEN GLOVER. Robert Cocks and Co.

This is the least original song we have seen for a long time. The first part has a strong flavour of "Kathleen Mavourneen"—itself no original melody—with a reminiscence of the "Canadian Boat-song"—vide bar 3. The opening of the second part is suggestive of Haynes Bayley's ballad, "I'd be a butterfly." In short, Mr. Stephen Glover, out of his element, and impoverished on Irish soil, had nothing to do but beg, borrow, or steal. If new, the ballad would have had a strong word of praise from us; as it is, we must strongly withhold all praise whatsoever. Mrs. Crawford's rhymes are neat and well written; but we must take exception to the line, in second verse—

* Come hide thy tears on me;"

which is undefined and inelegant. Mrs. Crawford seldom commits herself in this manner.

"FOUR PRELUDIAL PIECES FOR THE ORGAN, In various Styles, Intended as Introductory Voluntaries."—By EDWARD J. HOPKINS. Addison and Hollier.

Mr. Hopkins has succeeded so well in imitating the different ecclesiastical styles in the little work before us, that we should have well desired a larger collection. The Voluntaries exhibit great care and cleverness in the writing, and we find nothing left undone which could render them complete specimens of Free Church composition. Many consecutive progressions, as Mr. Hopkins candidly admits, may be found objectionable to the eye, but his apology is, that it has been his design to distribute and strengthen the harmonies orchestrally. Upon perusing the title-page we find the present set marked No. 1, leading to the hope that Mr. Edward Hopkins intends to go on with his work, which will, no doubt, be accepted as a boon by organists in general.

"RICHARD CŒUR DE LION TAKING IN PLYMOUTH ON HIS WAY TO PALESTINE."—A Burlesque.—By ———.

We have been much pleased with the perusal of this imitative burlesque, which has been produced at the Plymouth Theatre with an undeniable success. There is a rapid succession of local jokes, which renders it at once taking, and from the fun with which it abounds we predict for the author, who we understand is very young, a future career.

"MY HOME IS IN THE PEASANT COT," in the Opera of the "Minnesingen."—Words by J. PALGRAVE SIMPSON, Esq.—Music by JULES BENEDICT.

"AS WEeping ON MY BREAST SHE LAY."—Ballad—Ditto, ditto ditto. Addison and Hollier.

No. 1.—A sweetly-flowing and charming andantino, in 2—4, key G, with an accompaniment quite irresistible, yet easy withal, although the left hand is called upon more frequently, and has more delegated to it than is common in a simple ballad. The words are homely and peasantish, which they ought to be. Altogether, "My Home is in the Peasant Cot," being heard, cannot fail to become a universal favourite.

If absolutely forced into a preference, we think we should acknowledge we liked No. 2 even better. Here Mr. Benedict, having his metre more broken and wayward, has given wider scope to his ingenuity and fancy, and has accomplished one of the most thoroughly impressive and beautiful songs we have seen for a long while. Ballad it can hardly be called, having more the form and construction of a romanza. But this, by the way. The poetry—again Mr. J. Palgrave Simpson's—deserves our best word, and shall have it; albeit the author, to save himself from the *vituperium*

of being called an Irishman, which he is not, should incontinently, or in the second edition, blur or blot out the bull contained in the second lines, viz. :—

"As weeping on my breast she lay,
When we two parted,"—

which might be easily altered into—

"Just ere we parted."

This would save all animadversion, and by no means destroy the harmony of the verses.

The above two elegant specimens from Benedict's opera, *The Minnesinger*, makes us more than ever desirous of hearing the whole of the music, which, we understand from undoubted authority, is both beautiful and dramatic.

"GRAND PRELUDE AND FUGUE, WITH PEDAL OBLIGATO"—
Composed and Dedicated to CIPRIANI POTTER—By WILLIAM COOPER, R.A.M., Organist of St. Philips, Pentonville.—
Addison and Hollier.

In the prelude and fugue of Mr. Cooper, we certainly find no servile following of the ancient ecclesiastical school, nor even of that which might be denominated the modern school, created by Mendelssohn. He neither copies Bach, nor Handel, nor Mendelssohn, but indites evidently from himself. This is no small merit in any writer. The prelude is broad and simple in the extreme. The fugue, with pedal obligato, in five parts, is skillfully planned and developed, and throughout indicates a thorough acquaintance with the masters of church music. Clearness, as well as construction and development, is a merit belonging to the prelude and fugue of Mr. Cooper, which we commend off-hand to the organ-player.

TALES OF THE STAGE.

(Continued from page 32.)

WRITTEN BY AUNT ANNE.

This was our first separation, and, perhaps, it was only then that I began to comprehend the deep hold on my affections, which my frank warm-hearted ex-protégée had gained.

Without placing implicit faith in Mrs. Martin's assurance that she had tried her utmost to secure for William an engagement with us (for a lurking suspicion would creep into my mind that she thought her Ann ought to look higher than even her favourite William), I yet felt that it would be childish to oppose a separation, which promised to be advantageous to us all, although at the moment when it actually arrived, I felt as if I left my whole heart, together with a shower of tears on poor William's shoulder, as we parted that heavy day at the coach office. The husky tone in which he whispered, "Every Saturday afternoon, my Ann,—you will write every Saturday afternoon," long lingered in my memory;—and when old Mr. Martin, taking off and carefully wiping his spectacles, muttered, in an unsteady croak, "Poor lad! poor lad! we shall miss him sadly. I don't know who will hear me my parts now," I buried my face in my old friend's coat collar, and fairly sobbed aloud.

For some months, during which I never failed to write every Saturday afternoon, as I had promised William, I received most kind and consolatory replies; but one Monday morning, upon going as usual to the Post-office for his expected letter, I experienced a bitter chill of disappointment to find that none awaited me.

I returned home with an unusual oppression at my heart, which I suppose must have been more legibly traced on my features than I intended, as my friends simultaneously demanded if I had received any ill-tidings from William? "By no means," I replied, dismally; "if there be any faith in the saying that no news is good news." They endeavoured most kindly to cheer me, with the usual assurances that the delay of a post was nothing, and might be accounted for by a thousand chances, &c. &c.; but when day succeeded day, and at length a whole week elapsed, without any letter from William, my dear friends began obviously to

share in the anxiety which all our speculations were insufficient to allay.

Never since the death of my mother had I experienced so bitter a sense of desolation as when on the following Saturday, I wandered by the side of the canal (my favourite walk) alone. I had declined Mrs. Martin's affectionate offer to accompany me, for I felt a necessity to be alone, to brood over in solitude every possible evil which might have arisen to separate me from the beloved of my heart. But I will not dwell upon feelings which all more or less must have experienced, who have lost their own identity in that of another,—that total abnegation of self in presence of the beloved object,—that heart-sickening in suspense,—that weariness of soul in absence, so truly realizing the poet's pathetic words:

"Voices, the true and kind,
Strange are to me;
I have lost heart and mind,
Thinking of thee."

I returned home impressed with the belief that this life, and all therein contained, was "flat, dull, stale, and unprofitable," and ere I raised the latch of the cottage door, which was to admit me to my friends, I paused, hoping to gain courage to encounter the wistful glances which I knew would be raised to my face, to read in its expression the result of my walk.

I know nothing more painful than to meet the gaze of affectionate eyes, which seek to answer from the very turn of your countenance the question which they fear to pain you by propounding; but even as I lingered, a sound of murmuring voices struck my ear, a hasty footstep approached the door, the latch was raised, but by no effort of my own nerveless touch; I staggered on the threshold, and should have fallen, had I not been supported by the encircling arms of my own true-hearted William himself. I asked no questions; I demanded no explanations for, or uttered no reproaches at his silence; I did not even perceive that we were now alone, although I had heard the voices of my friends speaking to him,—it was enough for me that I sat by his side, listened to his tender assurances of truth and fidelity, and that we were never to part again; he had come, he said, to take me away, and my dear friends too, of course, and he had not written, because he had been harassed with business, and on the point of starting to fetch me every day.

When my dear friends returned to the room (after a lapse of time, of which I have never been able to give a just estimate), they called my attention to my William's improved appearance, and then for the first time I remarked that he was changed, in what particular I could not determine, but that some great, though undefinable change, had come over him, I felt certain; somehow he did not look so tall, I fancied, but then he had undoubtedly gained in grace, by the absence of what I could not deny, seemed to me his formerly ungainly stature. Without the slightest approach to foppiness in his costume, it was so considerably improved in style, that I question if his principal attribute would not now have been pronounced to be the very gentlemanlike air, in which he used to be so deficient; in short, but for the unmistakable tenderness of his manner to me, a misgiving would have arisen in my mind, as to whether poor little Ann Lambert could be half good enough for so fine a gentleman.

It was some hours after the arrival of my betrothed before I could induce him to enter into any details of his career during our separation, the principal event of which had been the re-appearance, or rather return, of the old farmer's prodigal son, Mr. John Thompson, who had been at length released from prison, by the exertion of an old legal friend of his father's, who being possessed of his will, had long been making ineffectual search for the captive and repentant heir. The two rascals in actual possession of their father's property tried to persuade the good lawyer that their brother was dead, and in ascertaining the real fate of, and assisting to put the luckless wight in possession of his rights, William had proved himself so kind and zealous, that the heir, in grateful requital of his services, resolved to give his new ally the benefit of his friendship, and an engagement in a theatre which he (having been bitten by a theatrical mania) had just taken; he added, under his advice and guidance, Mr. Thompson had expended

considerable sum in repairing and almost re-modelling a beautiful little theatre in a charming country town, where a select and liberal patronage was always accorded to an efficient corps dramatic. He had selected an excellent company, he said, amongst whom Mr. and Mrs. Martin, Mr. William Thompson, and myself, were to figure; that is, with one promise,—and here William, who had hitherto crowded fact upon fact with startling volubility,—began to flag, hesitate, and finally to communicate the nature of the one obstacle, in so sheepish a manner, as, for the first time during our interview, to remind me of his former dear old clod-hopping self; a reminiscence which, strange to say, brought nothing but delight to my very unrefined mind.

Briefly then—for my poor episode, which I only intended to have been a mere “word by the way,” I find I have opened out with all the egotistical details of autobiography—briefly then, and ignoring all my William’s innumerable “hums and ha’s,” and “says he’s,” and “says I’s,” let me state at once, that Mr. John Thompson, profiting in some peculiar way by his residence in the French capital, had established a code of morality for the government of his theatre, so strict, that he had resolved it should resemble nothing in this fallible human condition but that great and original specimen of conjugal propriety, Noah’s Ark; in short, that he would engage none but married couples.

This, at least, was Mr. William Thompson’s version of the affair, and hence it followed that he, anxious to secure so desirable a harbour of refuge for us as this fine model establishment presented, had actually been at the trouble and expense of preparing two contracts:—one being terms of engagement of a highly lucrative nature for Mrs. as well as Mr. William Thompson, and the other (as a mere preparatory step) the license necessary to convert Anne Lambert into the aforesaid Mrs. William Thompson; and, notwithstanding the excessive indignation which I thought it becoming to manifest at the very summary manner in which Thompson and Co., had taken upon themselves to settle my destiny, without the slightest reference to the party most nearly concerned, yet, finding my magnificence entirely unsupported by my kind protectors. I at once went over to the enemy. Thus deserted by my allies, with a lurking traitor in the very heart of the besieged fortress itself—somehow it happened that, in rather less than a month from the day on which I had decided that the chances of happiness at the bottom of the canal vastly preponderated over what might await me in a life bereft of Mr. William Thompson, that I found myself seated by that gentleman’s side, the one obstacle to our promotion in the model theatre overcome, and bowling along to our new sphere of action.

There are few old stage coach travellers who have not experienced the genial effect of commencing a journey on a bright, clear summer morning; while a sufficiently deliberate progress along a picturesque line of road, has enabled them to combine the charms of sight, sense, and sound, with the excitement proper to his own peculiar feelings. The charm of the clear atmosphere, the early song of the birds, the perfume of the fragrant hedges and dewy gardens, the contented hum of labour, the cheerful, busy, gaping, admiring villagers; all these are features in the progress of the old world style of travelling which may well excuse the pathetic lament of those who contrast such charms with the comfortable, cheap, expeditious, but certainly unromantic species of magic, by which we are now imperceptibly steamed along to our journey’s end, before we are well assured it has commenced.

On such a morning as I have described, and in such a scene, then, did I commence my first journey in the character of Mrs. William Thompson; my husband by my side, and my dear Mrs. Martin sitting opposite to me, from time to time appealing to me on many points on which she assured me my newly acquired dignity of matron alone qualified me to decide. There, too, was her dear old husband, singularly wide awake, the very impersonation of benevolence in silver spectacles, and as anxious to learn all particulars of our future manager, as my husband seemed determined to avoid the subject. In fact, I must say that, bating the first hurried and somewhat involved account he had given us of the affair, he had observed a silence touching the details which it required all Mrs. Martin’s hints that I had better not ask too many questions in this, our early stage of wedded life, to prevent my endeavouring to penetrate.

To be continued.

Miscellaneous

THE ENGLISH GLEE AND MADRIGAL UNION.—(E. Land, Hon. Sec.) The members of this union, Miss E. Birch, Miss Dolby, Mr. Francis, Mr. Land, and Mr. Frank Bodda were engaged, on Wednesday, the 19th inst., at an evening party, given by Mrs. Quick, at her mansion, Denmark Hill. A large assemblage of the *élite* of the neighbourhood were present, who manifested their delight by encoring nearly all the glees and madrigals contained in the programme.

HIGHGATE LITERARY INSTITUTION.—A concert was given on the 18th instant, to the members of the above institution. The artistes were, Miss E. Birch, Mr. Land, and Mr. Frank Bodda, with Miss Southgate, a talented and promising pianiste, pupil of Mr. W. H. Holmes, R.A.M. The concert was under the direction of Mr. Land, and gave the greatest pleasure to a numerous and enthusiastic audience.

MR. ALLCROFT’S CONCERT.—This annual monster event took place on Monday night, at Exeter Hall, and attracted so immense a crowd, that hundreds were turned from the doors. To gratify those unadmitted, Mr. Allcroft will give another monster concert, with the same monster performance, on the night of February 8th, at the Lyceum.

MR. GEORGE CASE, of concertina celebrity, has been making a tour of the western provinces, accompanied by a small but bright constellation of London stars, including Mr. Sims Reeves and Miss Messent. The tourists have visited Windsor, Reading, Bath, Salisbury, Winchester, Southampton, and Chichester. As very little variety in the selections will serve on these locomotive occasions, a brief general notice of the concerts is all that is required. Miss Messent’s provincial fame is still in the ascendant; her appearance before the audience was, with scarcely one exception throughout the tour, the signal for an encore. Among her popularities on this occasion, the charming Scotch duet “Ye banks and braes,” sung with Mr. Sims Reeves, elicited an attention which made it invariably the central point of vocal attraction. A new ballad, “I cannot deem thee lost to me,” written by Mr. Linley for Mr. Sims Reeves, and “The Death of Nelson,” (a sure encore) were among this gentleman’s most successful efforts. Mr. Farquharson Smith was repeatedly called upon for repetition of his two favourite songs, “The Ship on Fire,” and “Old Simon the Cellarer.” The concertinas of Messrs. Case and their companions, aided by Miss Case’s firm and nimble fingers on the pianoforte, filled up the instrumental portion of the concerts much to the satisfaction of the audience. The tour has, we understand, been a very profitable one.

MRS. W. CROOK’S SOIRÉE MUSICALE took place on Wednesday, and gave great satisfaction to an elegant audience. Mrs. Crook played “by special desire” Mendelssohn’s Andante and Rondo Capriccio, in a manner that elicited marks of general approval; and in the beautiful sonata in F, for piano and violin, by Beethoven, the audience were highly delighted by the correctness and firmness of her playing, and by the neatness of her execution. The *cherzo* was deservedly encored. Master A.T. Holmes, who played the violin part, is very young, and has never, so we understand, received professional instruction. If such be true, we recommend him immediately to place himself under some eminent master, as he undoubtedly possesses talent of a superior order. His performance throughout was excellent. Mrs. Crook played a *nocturne* by Dohler, also “by special desire,” which was much applauded. Her concluding morceau was the popular *Galop Militaire*, of Charles Meyer, and being rapturously encored, Mrs. Crook, according to the prevailing fashion, did not repeat, but played in lieu thereof Schulhoff’s *Chanson a boire*, which the unconscionable audience wanted again. Mrs. Crook, however, merely bowed her acknowledgements and retired, receiving the well merited applause of the audience. Master A. T. Holmes, besides taking part in the duet with Mrs. Crook, played in conjunction with his younger brother, Master H. Holmes, whose playing was equally as clever as his brother’s, a duet for two violins, by De Beriot, which quite delighted the audience, who encored it unanimously. The vocal part of the soiree was confided to the Misses Brougham, and Mr. H. T. Tomlinson’s whose singing of the two pretty songs by Frau Abt,

"Ah! do I love thee," and "When the swallows fly towards home," was as intelligent as tasteful. Herr Rummel accompanied the vocal music in a careful and musicianlike manner.

GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION.—The attraction of this aristocratic place of amusement continues unabated.

MR. W. S. WOODIN.—The "Carpet Bag" of Mr. Woodin becomes more capacious every week, owing to the numerous audience who attend nightly, and fill his little theatre to overflowing.

SIGNOR SALABERT'S ANNUAL CONCERT.—The concert of this operatic veteran took place on Tuesday evening, at the Blagrove Rooms, when a crowded and fashionable audience assembled to listen to a well selected programme, and to do justice to the musical abilities of the *beneficiaire*. Mr. H. Drayton was down in the list of vocalists, but he did not enter an appearance during the evening, consequently the public were deprived of a *basso* altogether. This was the most *base* part of the affair. The chief features of the concert were a grand aria—"Queen of Night" from *Zauberflöte*, so excellently sung by Mrs. Alexander Newton, as to secure an encore; and a similar compliment was paid to Miss Lizzy Stuart's well vocalised "Annie Laurie." Mr. George Tedder modestly declined a recal in "Macgregor's Gathering," a song in which he never fails to make a favourable impression. Equally good was his execution of "All is lost now,"—but the gem of the evening was a beautiful new ballad "Hope's Counsel," composed by T. W. Newman, which for elegance and touching simplicity we have seldom heard surpassed. As a chamber song it is delightful, and ought to become a drawing room favourite. The music and graceful words are happily wedded, and the expression with which Mr. Tedder interpreted the ballad, proved his taste for good music. Madame Zimmerman executed Weber's "Softly Sighs" from *Der Freischütz* admirably, and Mdlle. Coulon played a piano-forte solo more than well. As to Signor Salabert himself, he is too old a stager to demand or to need much praise; suffice it to say, he is a thorough musician, and whether in solo or concerted parts he is equally good and careful. All he did was well done, and altogether his Concert was an agreeable one, and not too long. The conductors were Herr Anschuetz, Mr. Maurice Levy, and Mr. J. Callcott.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.—We hail with much pleasure the first number of a new weekly paper, published at New York, entitled, "Peabody's American Chronicle." The proprietor, Mr. Chas. H. Peabody, has long been known in London, as the talented correspondent of many of the American journals; amongst which, his contributions to the New York "*Spirit of the Times*," have not been the least remarkable. Mr. Peabody is also familiar in the literary world, as the original proprietor and projector of the well-known and ably conducted periodical, *Knickerbocker's Magazine*; and doubtless the new reputation he seeks to acquire will keep pace with the "*Spirit of the Times*," which he formerly advocated with such zeal and ability.

BRIGHTON.—(From a Correspondent).—Madame de Lozano's Matinée took place on Monday, at the Royal Pavilion. It was a delightful little concert. Madame de Lozano was supported by Madame Fiorentini, Mr. Aguilar (piano), and Signor G. Regondi (concertina). Madame de Lozano gave some of her ever-welcome Spanish songs in her most agreeable manner, and was equally successful in a ballad by Walter Maynard, an Italian aria of Gluck, and a French chant, by Adam, with concertina obligato. Madame Fiorentini, as usual, displayed her beautiful voice, fine vocalization, and elegant style to the best advantage. Mr. Aguilar was eminently successful in his performance of his no less brilliant than well written *Fra Diavolo fantasia*, and two of Mendelssohn's most charming *Lieder ohne worte*; and Signor G. Regondi charmed his audience by his finished and expressive performance of a nocturne, and a fantasia on themes from "Lucia." The Matinée gave ample satisfaction to a select and fashionable audience.

BEETHOVEN AT PORTSMOUTH.—A fine Dutch ship lately got

ashore during the height of the gale, at Stokes Bay. She is called the BEETHOVEN, fortunately light in ballast. The Dutch Consul (L. A. Vanderbergh, Esq.) instantly waited on Rear Admiral Fanshawe, Commander-in-Chief (*pro tem.*), and he, with a readiness that does honour to the British naval officer, instantly ordered the steam-sloop Fury to be signalled, and proceed to her assistance. She quickly got up steam, and in the course of a couple of hours she took her in tow, and dropped her in safety at the Motherbank.

MUSIC AS APPLIED TO RELIGION.—Dr. Steggall has been repeating his lectures on this subject during the past week, at Royston. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, the room, on both occasions, was filled by a large and attentive auditory, who seemed fully to appreciate the merits both of the lectures and the illustrations which accompanied them. The latter were undertaken by the Royston Choral Society; and at the conclusion of his lectures the Doctor took occasion to express his unqualified approbation of the very efficient manner in which the members of the society had acquitted themselves. He concluded by saying he thought the town of Royston had indeed reason to be proud of its Choral Society.

MR. CHARLES Mc'KORKELL, the talented Professor of Northampton, has been in London during the week.

POETRY.

IMPROMPTU ON BEING ASKED FOR A DIPLOMA.

The union of the single is harmony's aim;
If the unity's felt, certes one is to blame.
Alpoof from the crowd, the unique alone
Commands admiration from his lofty throne.

In regions of glory, where hearts ceasing to love,
But tolerate the incense that's wafted above;
Individual, untranscribed accents of praise,
Are lost 'midst the shouts which the clamorous raise.

[The above was addressed to the celebrated Liszt, who was very proud of his English.—Ed.]

MR. ALBERT SMITH'S ASCENT OF MONT BLANC,

EVERY Evening at Eight o'clock. Stalls, 3s. (which can be secured at the box-office every day from Eleven to Four); Area, 7s.; Gallery, 1s. A Morning Performance every Tuesday and Saturday, at Three o'clock. Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly.

NEVER FAILING REMEDY.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT

CERTAIN Remedy for Scorbutic Humours, and an astonishing

Cure of an old Lady, Seventy years of Age, of a Bad Leg. Copy of a letter from Messrs. Walker and Co., Chemists, Bath. To Professor Holloway, dear Sir, Among the numerous cures effected by the use of your valuable medicines in this neighbourhood, we may mention that of an old lady living in the village of Preston, about five miles from this city. She had ulcerated wounds in her leg for many years and lately they increased to such an alarming extent as to defy all the usual remedies; her health rapidly giving way under the suffering she endured. In this distressing condition she had recourse to your Ointment and Pills, and by the assistance of her friends, was enabled to persevere in their use, until she received a perfect cure. We have ourselves been greatly astonished at the effect on so old a person, she being above 70 years of age. We shall be happy to satisfy any enquiries as to the authenticity of this really wonderful case, either personally or by letter.

A private in the Bath Police Force, also, has been perfectly cured of an old scorbutic affection in the face, after all other means had failed. He states that it is entirely by the use of your Ointment, and speaks loudly in its praise.

We remain, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

(Signed)

WALKER & Co.

April 6th, 1852.
The Pills should be used conjointly with the Ointment in most of the following cases:
Bad Legs Coco Bay Contracted and Lumbago Scurvy
Bad Breasts Chiego-foot Stiff Joints Piles Sore heads
Burns Chilblains E'phantiasis Rheumatism Tumours
Punions Chapped hands Fistulas Scalds Ulcers
Bite of Mosche- Corns (Soft) Gout Sore Nipples Wounds
toe and Sand- Cancers Glandular Swell- Sero-throats Yaws
Flies ings Skin-diseases

Sold at the Establishment of Professor Holloway, 244, Strand, (near Temple Bar), London; and by all respectable Druggists and Dealers in Medicines throughout the Civilized World, in Pots at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each. There is a considerable saving by taking the larger sizes.
N.B. Directions for the guidance of Patients are affixed to each Pot.

JUST PUBLISHED—SELECT SONGS AND PIANO-FORTE PIECES FROM JULLIEN'S GRAND OPERA, "PIETRO IL GRANDE."

A "Grand Opera" from the hand of M. JULLIEN was to be desired and to be expected. We now have it in a form that does not disappoint us; and self-interest, in looking to the future, as well as gratitude in looking to the past, might alone induce the English public to help forward, with their hearty countenance, a man of genius who is advancing earnestly into his proper sphere.—*Britannia*, 21st August, 1832.

Vocal Music.

andantino **LAMENTO.**



Oh! Heav'n! hear my pray'r, hear my pray'r! Spare, oh, spare one for-love,

amoroso **ROMANZINA.**



Leave me not! leave me not, with-out one kind word or sigh!

andantino **MARITIME MELODY.**



Be-fore Zaar-dam! fair smil-ing home! whence peace and joy

andante **SCENA.**



Fare-well, Fare-well, thou humble cot-

nobile **ROMANZA.**



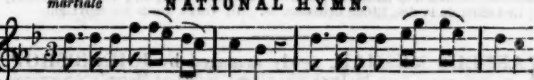
Oh, hear be-loved master, hear! The friend who long has serv'd thee well,

andante **ARIA.**



Yes, thou'rt gone, and gone for ev-er.

marziale **NATIONAL HYMN.**



Sons of Russia! fam'd in story, Firm of heart, sincere, un-changing,

allegro **COSSACK WAR SONG.**



With ruth-less sword we strike the foe.

Instrumental Music.

QUADRILLE.



VALE HOLLANDAISE.



MAZURKA.



PULTAVA MARCH.



Poetry.

O Heav'n! hear my prayer!
Spare, oh! spare
One forlorn,
Left to mourn,
With no heart her woes to share!
Ah, me! Far from home
Forced to roam,
Hope on earth

None have I,
Save to lay me down and die!
Once hope was shining o'er me,
And pleasure smiled before me,
Each day did joy restore me,
And life flow'd gently by!
But hope now hath flown,
And life's last light is gone!

Leave me not, leave me not,
Without one kind look or sigh!
Thou, my star and treasure only!
Wanting thee, my life were lonely
Leave me not, leave me not,
Or leave me here to die!

O stay! O stay!—One moment stay!
Perhaps this hand I press
In death's cold grasp may soon remain!
Those eyes no more may bless
My soul with light again!
Leave me not! leave me not!

Beloved Zwaardam,
Fair smiling home!
Whence peace and joy
Ne'er seek to roam!

The heav'n unites
With earth and sea,
A Paradise
To make of thee!

Farewell, farewell, thou humble cot,
These hands with pride have toil'd to raise!
On earth to me, what other spot
Can lend the charm of tranquil days?

Beneath thy roof no fears I know,
Nor anxious thoughts with me did dwell;
We part—this heart remains with you,
My humble cot, farewell, farewell!

Oh! hear beloved master, hear
The friend who long hath served the well.
Unto his words, oh! turn thine ear,
Nor against his fervent prayer rebel.

Awake from this hour's fatal dream;
The voice of an empire obey!
The light of her glory be seen,
And turn not from her hopes away!

Catherine, I know not where to seek thee;
In vain on thee I call!
The guests in crowds assemble,
And gladness reigns around.
Yet 'mid the gay and glittering throng

Their Emperor hopeless pines.
An Emperor!—Yet, ah! why?
If I alone must sigh
And dream of joys no more!
Yes, thou'rt gone, and gone for ever!

Sons of Russia! fam'd in story!
Firm of heart, sincere, unchanging,
Ne'er from truth or valour ranging,
Honour's star still shines before you!

Zeal and patriot love that souls make strong
Peace and freedom for your cause have won!
While high gallant deeds all nations own,
Shall fame resound your power and glory!

With ruthless hand we strike the foe!
Our home is on the battle plain,
Where groans arise 'mid heaps of slain!
Death to all—no mercy show!
When the cannon roars around,
And deep thunders shake the ground,
Thro' the flame and smoke we ride
Dealing death on every side!

And should some trembling wretch,
With lifted hand, for pity pray,
And plead for wives and babes,
Left sad and lonely, far away;
Shall we, to softness mov'd, our ma-
shame?
No, no!—

Opinions of the Press.

From the TIMES.

M. JULLIEN'S new opera, *Pietro il Grande*, was represented for the third time on Saturday night. The music improves on closer acquaintance—a strong testimony in its favor. Instead of three encores there were four, on both occasions; and on both the audience remained till the end. There is, to speak truthfully, much to admire in *Pietro il Grande*. In the first act, the choruses of sailors and wanderers, the madrigal, the scene of Peter, and the Muscovite hymn; in the second, the banquet scene, including Menzikoff's drinking song, and Rossomak's Cossack war-song, the quartet, duet for Catherine and Peter, and septet; in the third, Catherine's prayer, Lefort's romance, with double-bass obbligato, and the dramatic scene for Rossomak and the conspirators; these, with the waltz and *Hodonskai* (act 1), and the *marzetta* (act 3), are fair proofs of M. Jullien's talent as a dramatic composer. That the opera, having so many good things to recommend it, will become a favorite with the public, can hardly, we think, be doubted.

From the EXAMINER.

Our space compels us to give but a brief account of the details, and we must content ourselves with merely mentioning the chief musical features. The choruses of the *swordsmen* of the dockyard behind the scenes, is extremely pleasing; and Madlle. Anna Zerr's opening cavatine, "O mio genio," is gracefully written, and the variations written for a *voix d'exception*, light and sparkling. A madrigal, "In sen dell' amata," was re-demanded, and after it comes the great feature of the opera, a hymn, "In Muscovia letti agh," founded on a Russian melody, which was sung by Signor Tambrilic and the chorus. This, also, was most unanimously encored. In the incidental ballet, Jullien has introduced a waltz which eclipses all his former Terpsichorean productions.

From the LITERARY GAZETTE.

M. JULLIEN'S *Pietro il Grande* was at length brought out at the Royal Italian Opera on Tuesday, the delay having added to the public curiosity concerning an event so novel. The performance has proved that M. Jullien is capable of higher employment than a leader of light Terpsichorean harmony. No one has ever disputed M. Jullien's great taste both as a melodist and harmonist, or his original talent for musical description in short pieces. His astonishing fertility of ideas, and facility in metre and rhythm, which is the charm of orchestral, as well as poetical combinations, were universally acknowledged; but his astonishing capacity in these respects created a presentiment amongst our every-day critics that here was his forte, and that, if he tried a higher flight, he would break down. Just as it was said how could Moore, however "sweetly attuned," enter into the lists with Scott and Byron, it was said how could Jullien enter the lists with the authors of *Manfredi* and *The Prophet*? He has done so, however, and though resembling some of his competitors, has proved himself as genuine poetical blood as either of them.

From the MUSICAL WORLD.

Pietro il Grande was repeated on Saturday and Tuesday, for the third and fourth times. The success of the last performance was greatly superior to any of the preceding. Indeed, the attendance on Tuesday was one of the most brilliant and fashionable of the Season—despite the time of year, when the town is nearly empty—and the reception of the opera throughout was nothing short of enthusiastic. Jullien was recalled after each act, and the favorite pieces, the Madrigal, Russian Hymn, and Quatuor, were encored with vehemence. The weekly journals have proved themselves strong in laith and appreciation, as may be gathered from the notices we have supplied elsewhere. The success of *Pietro il Grande* is beyond all dispute, and we have no doubt it will prove, for many years to come, one of the most attractive operas in the splendid repertory of the Royal Italian Opera.

EXETER HALL.

LONDON SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

ON MONDAY, JAN. 31st, Handel's Oratorio, SOLOMON.
Principal English artists—Miss Breh, Mrs. Temple, Miss C. Felton, Mr. Lockey, and Mr. Lawler. The Band and Chorus will consist of 800 performers. Conductor, Mr. SURMAN, founder, and twenty years conductor of the Exeter Hall oratorios. Single Tickets, 3s., 5s., and 10s. 6d. each. The Subscription to the Society is £1 1s. per annum; Reserved Seats, £2 2s.; Central Reserved Seats, numbered, £3 3s.; Two Tickets for each Concert to Christmas next, or Six Tickets for this Performance; and Two for each Concert till Michaelmas with a valuable Musical present from the Conductor. Only office of the Society, No. 9, Exeter Hall.

MADAME PLEYEL

WILL give a SOIREE MUSICALE on MONDAY, JAN. 31, at the HANOVER-SQUARE ROOMS. Vocalists—Madame Florentini, Miss Alleyne, Miss Kathleen Fitzwilliam, and Mr. Weiss. Madame Pleyel will perform on the pianoforte a Selection of Classical and Modern Works. Violin, M. Bainton; violoncello, Sig. Piatti; Conductor, Mr. Frank Mori. Commence at 8 o'clock. Reserved seats, 10s. 6d. each; tickets, 7s.; at Cramer, Beale, and Co.'s, 201, Regent-street, and all Musicians.

MUSICAL WINTER EVENINGS, WILLIS'S ROOMS.

ON SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, at half-past 8, will be performed MOZART'S QUARTET in D, Schubert's Trio in E flat, Mendelssohn's Quartet in A, and Beethoven's Sonata, with the Funeral March, Homage to the Departed Duke. Executants—Mollie, Mellon, Goffie, Webb, and Piatti. Pianist, Halle, who will arrive in London for this concert expressly. The remaining concerts will take place on Thursdays. A few sofas with reserved places for five persons, are to be obtained on application to the Director. Subscription for the four evenings, one guinea; single tickets, 7s. For prospectuses and particulars apply to Cramer and Co., Regent-street.

J. ELLA, Director.

MR. W. STERNDAL BENNETT

RESPECTFULLY announces that his annual series of performances of CLASSICAL PIANOFORTE MUSIC will take place at the Hanover Rooms, on Tuesday evenings, February 1, 22, and March 15, 1853, commencing at half-past 8 o'clock. Vocalists, Misses Endersohn, Mr. Saindon and Signor Piatti will perform at the first concert. Subscription one guinea. Single tickets, half-a-guinea each, to be had at the principal music warehouses; and of Mr. W. S. Bennet, 15, Russell-place, Fitzroy-square.

NOTICE OF REMOVAL.

MESSRS. HAITE & LEACH, Musical Instrument Makers to Her Majesty's Army and Navy, have REMOVED from 13, Clifford-street, Bond-street, to 7, NEW COVENTRY-STREET, Leicester-square, in which extensive premises their friends and patrons will find a large assortment of Military and Orchestral Instruments, including the various inventions of M. Halari, at very moderate prices.

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TO BE DISPOSED OF, One Half or One Quarter Shares in one of the oldest and most extensive Musical Establishments out of London, the Senior Partic being desirous of retiring. The Stock is all modern, and from the first class houses.

Letters from Principals, duly signed, will be attended to, and may be addressed to "Musicus," care of Messrs. Broadwood & Sons, Messrs. Collard & Collard, Messrs. Kirkman & Son, or Messrs. Addison & Hollier.

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FIVE Songs and a Duet, from the Incidents in this celebrated Work, are now Published. Words by J. E. CARPENTER, Music by GEO. LINLEY, and J. L. HATTON. Songs, 2s. 6d. Duet, 3s. Addison and Hollier, 210, Regent Street.

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BORDOGNI'S SOLFEGGI. Five sets of these celebrated Solfege are now published, viz.: Twenty-four new easy Vocalises for all Voices, 12s.; Twelve for Contralto, 12s.; Twelve for Baritone, 12s.; Twelve for Mezzo Soprano, 15s.; Thirty-six for Soprano or Tenor, in 3 books, price 10s. each.

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Printed and Published for the Proprietor by MICHAEL SAMUEL MYERS, of No. 3, Studley Villas, Studley Road, Clapham Road, in the parish of Lambeth, at the office of MYERS & Co., 22, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, in the parish of St. Paul, where all communications for the Editor are to be addressed, post paid. To be had of G. Purkess, Dean Street, Soho; Allen, Warwick Lane; Vickers, Holywell Street, and at all Booksellers.—Saturday, January 29th, 1853.